



*OUR MINDS DELINEATE OUR LIVES INTO CHAPTERS.*

*UNCONSCIOUSLY CATALOGING OUR STORY, CREATING A SENSE OF ORDER AND PURPOSE, AS IF THEY WERE EVENTS IN A GREAT NOVEL.*

*IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHEN A NEW CHAPTER IS BEGINNING, OR IF THE CHAPTER THAT'S CLOSING WAS ANY GOOD.*

*WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE DON'T KNOW.*

*BUT I DO KNOW I HAVEN'T SPENT A WHOLE SHITLOAD OF TIME ON EARTH. MY EXPERIENCE IS LIMITED.*

*STILL, ONE THING I'VE PICKED UP — A CHAPTER THAT FEELS AWFUL AT THE TIME, WELL, IT CAN BE THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE.*

*THAT'S THE CHAPTER, AS SOON AS IT ENDS, YOU IMMEDIATELY GET NOSTALGIC.*

*YOU ROMANTICIZE IT.*

*AND, IN SOME RARE CASES...*



...IT EVEN DESERVES IT.

EVEN WHEN IT'S JUST THE RECENT PAST, THE STUFF RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

WHEN IT'S GONE, A PIECE OF YOU GOES WITH IT.

AND THERE'S NO GETTING IT BACK.

FOR ME, IT WAS THE LAST YEAR.

THAT SINGLE SLIVER OF TIME WILL SHAPE ME FOREVER.

IT'LL BE THE PERIOD OF MY LIFE ALL OTHERS ARE MEASURED AGAINST.

WHY? WHAT'S THE THING THAT DEFINES IT?

THE PEOPLE WE SPEND THAT TIME WITH.

THE FAMILY WE FIND.

HOW MUCH IT ALL MATTERED.

BEFORE IT GOT UP.

I SAW IT COMING.

TRIED TO GET AWAY.

TRIED TO SAVE US FROM THAT SCHOOL.

BUT I FAILED.



